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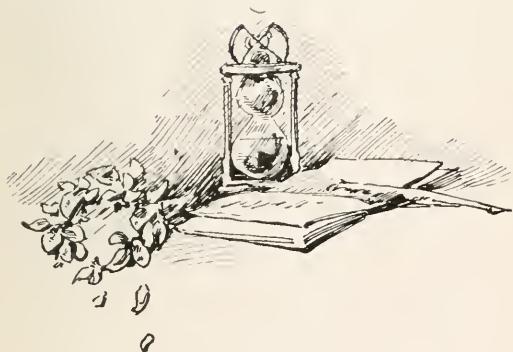
*OLD TIME BALLADS.*



*And quaff'd his cup of good old sack.*  
*The Fine Old English Gentleman.*

# OLD TIME BALLADS.

*Illustrated by*  
JOHN EYRE, R.B.A.



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# OLD TIME BALLADS.

## *THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN.*

[This ballad is anonymous, and is said to have been modelled upon a still older ditty.]

*I*'LL sing you a good old song,  
    Made by a good old pate,  
Of a fine old English gentleman,  
    Who had an old estate;  
And who kept up his old mansion  
    At a bountiful old rate,  
With a good old porter to relieve  
    The old poor at his gate—  
Like a fine old English gentleman,  
    All of the olden time.

His hall so old was hung around  
    With pikes, and guns, and bows,  
And swords and good old bucklers  
    That had stood against old foes;

'Twas there "his worship" sat in state,  
In doublet and trunk hose,  
And quaff'd his cup of good old sack  
To warm his good old nose—  
Like a fine old English gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

When winter's cold brought frost and snow,  
He open'd his house to all;  
And though three-score and ten his years,  
He featly led the ball.  
Nor was the houseless wanderer  
E'er driven from his hall;  
For while he feasted all the great,  
He ne'er forgot the small—  
Like a fine old English gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

But time, though sweet, is strong in flight,  
And years roll swiftly by;  
And autumn's falling leaves proclaim'd  
The old man—he must die!  
He laid him down quite tranquilly,  
Gave up his latest sigh;  
And mournful stillness reign'd around,  
And tears bedew'd each eye—  
For this good old English gentleman,  
All of the olden time.

Now, surely this is better far  
Than all the new parade  
Of theatres and fancy balls,  
“At home” and masquerade!  
And much more economical,  
For all his bills were paid.  
Then leave your new vagaries quite,  
And take up the old trade—  
Of a fine old English gentleman,  
All of the olden time.



*SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.*

[By Henry Carey, b. 1663, d. 1743.]

*O*F all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.  
There is no lady in the land  
That's half so sweet as Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets,  
And through the streets does cry 'em;  
Her mother she sells laces long  
To such as please to buy 'em.  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.



*For then I'm dress'd all in my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally.*



When she is by, I leave my work  
    (I love her so sincerely),  
My master comes, like any Turk,  
    And bangs me most severely.  
But let him bang his belly full,  
    I'll bear it all for Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
    And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
    I dearly love but one day;  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
    A Saturday and Monday.  
For then I'm dress'd all in my best,  
    To walk abroad with Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
    And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,  
    And often am I blamed  
Because I leave him in the lurch  
    As soon as text is named.  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
    And slink away to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
    And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
Oh! then I shall have money;  
I'll hoard it up, and box and all  
I'll give it to my honey.  
I would it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally:  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And (but for her) I'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley.  
But when my seven long years are out,  
Oh! then I'll marry Sally:  
Oh! then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,  
But not in our alley.





Here's to the girl with  
a pair of blue eyes,  
And now to the nymph  
with but one, sir:  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass—  
I warrant she'll prove an  
excuse for the glass.

Here's to the maid with  
a bosom of snow,  
Now to her that's as brown as a berry;  
Here's to the wife with  
a face full of woe,  
And now to the damsel  
that's merry:  
Let the toast pass,  
Drink to the lass—  
I warrant she'll prove an  
excuse for the glass.

For let her be clumsy,  
or let her be slim,  
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;  
So fill up a bumper, nay,  
fill to the brim,

And let us e'en toast  
                                   'em together:  
 Let the toast pass,  
 Drink to the lass—  
 I warrant she'll prove an  
                   excuse for the glass.





Then all the maids of Islington  
Went forth to sport and play,  
All but the bailiff's daughter dear—  
She secretly stole away.

She pulled off her gown of green,  
And put on ragged attire,



And to fair London she would go,  
Her true love to inquire.

And as she went along the high road,  
The weather being hot and dry,  
She sat her down upon a green bank,  
And her true love came riding by.

She started up, with a colour so red,  
Catching hold of his bridle-rein;  
"One penny, one penny, kind sir," she said,  
"Will ease me of much pain."

"Before I give you one penny, sweetheart,  
Pray tell me where you were born?"  
"At Islington, kind sir," said she,  
"Where I have had many a scorn."

"I pr'ythee, sweetheart, then tell to me,  
O tell me, whether you know  
The bailiff's daughter of Islington?"  
"She is dead, sir, long ago."

"If she be dead, then take my horse,  
My saddle and bridle also;  
For I will into some far countrie,  
Where no man shall me know."

"O stay, O stay, thou goodly youth,  
She standeth by thy side:  
She is here alive, she is not dead—  
And ready to be thy bride."

"O farewell grief, and welcome joy,  
Ten thousands times therefore!  
For now I have found my own true love,  
Whom I thought I should never see more."



So the sweet lark, high poised in air,  
Shuts close his pinions to his breast  
(If, chance, his mate's shrill call he hear),  
And drops at once into her nest :  
The noblest captain in the British fleet  
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

“Oh, Susan! Susan! lovely dear!  
My vows shall ever true remain;  
Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again:  
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be  
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

“Believe not what the landsmen say,  
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;  
They tell thee—sailors when away  
In every port a mistress find!  
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,  
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

“If to fair India's coast we sail,  
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright;  
Thy breath in Afric's spicy gale,  
Thy skin in ivory so white:  
Thus every beauteous object that I view  
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.



CHAS. H. HARRIS

*Let me kiss off that falling tear,  
We only part to meet again.*



“Though battle call me from thy ar  
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;  
Though cannons roar, yet free from harm  
William shall to his dear return:  
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,  
Lest precious tears should drop  
from Susan’s eye.”

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,  
The sails their swelling bosoms spread;  
No longer must she stay on board:  
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.  
Her lessening boat, unwilling, rows to land;  
“Adieu!” she cried, and waved her lily hand.



KITTY OF COLERAINE.

[By Edward Lysaght, b. 1763, d. 1810.]

*A*S beautiful Kitty one  
                                           morning was tripping  
 With a pitcher of milk from  
                                           the fair of Coleraine,  
 When she saw me she stumbled,  
                                           the pitcher it tumbled,  
 And all the sweet buttermilk  
                                           water'd the plain.

“Oh, what shall I do now?  
‘Twas looking at you, now;  
Sure, sure, such a pitcher  
I’ll ne’er meet again.  
’Twas the pride of my dairy,  
O Barney M’Leary.  
You’re sent as a plague to the  
girls of Coleraine!

I sat down beside her, and  
                        gently did chide her,  
That such a misfortune should  
                        give her such pain.  
A kiss then I gave her.  
                        Before I did leave her  
She vow'd for such pleasure  
                        she'd break it again.



'Twas haymaking season. I can't  
tell the reason—  
Misfortunes will never come  
single, that's plain—  
For very soon after  
poor Kitty's disaster  
The devil a pitcher was  
whole in Coleraine.

## *THE LASS OF RICHMOND HILL.*

[By James Upton, b. 1670, d. 1749. This ballad is said to have been a great favourite with King George III.]

*ON* Richmond Hill there lives a lass  
More bright than May-day morn,  
Whose charms all other maids surpass—  
A rose without a thorn.

This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,  
Has won my right good-will;  
I'd crowns resign to call her mine—  
Sweet lass of Richmond Hill.

Ye zephyrs gay, that fan the air,  
And wanton through the grove,  
Oh, whisper to my charming fair,  
I'd die for her I love!

How happy will the shepherd be  
Who calls this nymph his own!  
Oh, may her choice be fix'd on me!  
Mine's fix'd on her alone.



CRISTER

*On Richmond Hill there lives a lass.*



## SIMON THE CELLARER.

[The author of this quaint old ballad was W  
H. Bellamy.]

*OLD* Simon the cellarer keeps  
a large store  
Of Malmsey and Malvoisie,  
And Cyprus and who can  
say how many more?  
For a chary old soul is he,  
A chary old soul is he;  
Of Sack and Canary he never doth fail,  
And all the year round  
there is brewing of ale;  
Yet he never aileth,  
he quaintly doth say,  
While he keeps to his sober  
six flagons a day:  
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew  
How oft the black Jack  
to his lips doth go;  
But ho! ho! ho! his nose doth shew  
How oft the black Jack  
to his lips doth go.

Dame Margery sits in  
her own still-room,  
And a Matron sage is she;  
From thence oft at Curfew  
is wafted a fume,  
She says it is Rosemarie,  
She says it is Rosemarie;  
But there's a small cupboard  
behind the back stair,  
And the maids say they  
often see Margery there.  
Now, Margery says that  
she grows very old  
And must take a something  
to keep out the cold!  
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know  
Where many a flask of  
his best doth go;  
But ho! ho! ho! old Simon doth know  
Where many a flask of  
his best doth go.

Old Simon reclines in his  
high-back'd chair,  
And talks about taking a wife;  
And Margery often is heard to declare  
She ought to be settled in life,  
She ought to be settled in life.

But Margery has (so the  
                        maids say) a tongue,  
And she's not very handsome,  
                        and not very young;  
So somehow it ends with a  
                        shake of the head,



And Simon he brews him  
a tankard instead;  
While ho! ho! ho! he will  
chuckle and crow,  
What! marry old Margery? no, no, no!  
While ho! ho! ho! he will  
chuckle and crow,  
What! marry old Margery? no, no, no!

## *THE JOLLY YOUNG WATERMAN*

[By Charles Dibdin, b. 1745, d. 1814.]

*AND* did you ne'er hear of  
a jolly young waterman,  
Who at Blackfriars-bridge  
used for to ply?  
And he feathered his oars with  
such skill and dexterity,  
Winning each heart and  
delighting each eye.  
He look'd so neat, and  
he row'd so steadily,  
The maidens all flock'd in  
his boat so readily;  
And he eyed the young rogues  
with so charming an air,  
That this waterman ne'er  
was in want of a fare.



CRISTEN

*The maidens all flock'd in his boat so readily.*



What sights of fine folks he  
oft row'd in his wherry!  
'Twas clean'd out so nice, and  
so painted withal;  
He was always first oars when  
the fine city ladies  
In a party to Ranelagh  
went, or Vauxhall.  
And oftentimes would they be  
giggling and leering,  
But 'twas all one to Tom  
their gibing and jeering;  
For loving or liking he  
little did care,  
For this waterman ne'er was  
in want of a fare.

And yet but to see how  
strangely things happen,  
As he row'd along, thinking  
of nothing at all,  
He was ply'd by a damsel so  
lovely and charming,  
That she smil'd, and so straightway  
in love he did fall.  
And would this young damsel  
but banish his sorrow,

He'd wed her to-night,  
                    and not wait till to-morrow;  
And how should this waterman  
                    ever know care,  
When, married, was never  
                    in want of a *fair*.





*ON THE BANKS OF ALLAN  
WATER.*

[By M. G. Lewis, b. 1773, d. 1818.]

*ON* the banks of Allan Water,  
When the sweet Springtime did fall,  
Was the miller's lovely daughter,  
The fairest of them all.  
For his bride a soldier sought her,  
And a winning tongue had he:  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so gay as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When brown Autumn spreads its store,  
Then I saw the miller's daughter,  
But she smiled no more;  
For the Summer grief had brought her,  
And the soldier false was he:  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
None so sad as she.

On the banks of Allan Water,  
When the Winter snow fell fast,  
Still was seen the miller's daughter,  
Chilling blew the blast.  
But the miller's lovely daughter,  
Both from cold and care was free:  
On the banks of Allan Water,  
There a corpse lay she.



## THE LEATHER BOTTÈL.

[The words of this ballad date from the seventeenth century, though the author of them is unknown.]

'TWAS God above that  
                                    made all things,  
The heav'ns, the earth,  
                                    and all therein:  
The ships that on  
                                    the sea do swim  
To guard from foes  
                                    that none come in;  
And let them all  
                                    do what they can,  
'TWAS for one end—  
                                    the use of man.  
So I wish in heav'n  
                                    his soul may dwell  
That first found out  
                                    the leather bottèl.

Now, what do you say  
to these cans of wood?  
Oh, no, in faith they  
cannot be good;  
For if the bearer  
fall by the way,  
Why, on the ground your  
liquor doth lay;  
But had it been in  
a leather bottèl,  
Although he had fallen  
all had been well.  
So I wish in heav'n  
his soul may dwell  
That first found out  
the leather bottèl.

Then what do you say  
to these glasses fine?  
Oh, they shall have  
no praise of mine:  
For if you chance  
to touch the brim,  
Down falls the liquor  
and all therein.

But had it been in  
                                 a leather bottèl,  
 And the stopple in,  
                                 all had been well.  
 So I wish in heav'n  
                                 his soul may dwell  
 That first found out  
                                 the leather bottèl.



'Then what do you say to  
                                 these black pots three?  
 If a man and his wife  
                                 should not agree,  
 Why, they'll tug and pull till  
                                 their liquor doth spill;  
 In a leather bottèl they  
                                 may tug their fill,

And pull away till  
                    their hearts do ake,  
And yet their liquor  
                    no harm can take.  
So I wish in heav'n  
                    his soul may dwell  
That first found out  
                    the leather bottel.

Then what do you say  
                    to these flagons fine?  
Oh, they shall have  
                    no praise of mine;  
For when a lord is  
                    about to dine,  
And sends them to  
                    be filled with wine,  
The man with the  
                    flagon doth run away,  
Because it is silver  
                    most gallant and gay.  
So I wish in heav'n  
                    his soul may dwell  
That first found out  
                    the leather bottel.



*The man with the flagon doth run away,  
Because it is silver most gallant and gay.*





Then the lads and the lasses  
begin to tottle,  
But what would they do  
without this bottle?  
So I wish in heav'n  
his soul may dwell  
That first found out  
the leather bottèl.

There's never a lord,  
an earl, or knight,  
But in this bottle  
doth take delight;  
For when he's hunting  
of the deer  
He oft doth wish for  
a bottle of beer.  
Likewise the man that  
works in the wood,  
A bottle of beer will  
oft do him good.  
So I wish in heav'n  
his soul may dwell  
That first found out  
the leather bottèl.

And when the bottle  
                                 at last grows old,  
 And will good liquor  
                                 no longer hold,  
 Out of the side you  
                                 may take a clout,  
 To mend your shoes when  
                                 they're worn out;  
 Or take and hang  
                                 it up on a pin,  
 'Twill serve to put hinges  
                                 and odd things in.  
 So I wish in heav'n  
                                 his soul may dwell  
 That first found out  
                                 the leather bottèl.





### MY PRETTY JANE.

[This favourite ballad was written by Edward Fitzball.]

MY pretty Jane, my pretty Jane!  
Ah! never, never look so shy;  
But meet me in the evening,  
While the bloom is on the rye.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear,  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!  
Ah! never look so shy,  
But meet me in the evening,  
While the bloom is on the rye.

But name the day, the wedding day,  
And I will buy the ring;  
The lads and maids in favours white  
And village bells shall ring.  
The spring is waning fast, my love,  
The corn is in the ear,  
The summer nights are coming, love,  
The moon shines bright and clear.  
Then, pretty Jane, my dearest Jane!  
Ah! never look so shy,  
But meet me in the evening,  
While the bloom is on the rye.



*AULD ROBIN GRAY.*

[This ballad was written in 1771. The author of it, Lady Anne Lindsay, was born at Balcarres, Scotland, 1750, and died 1825.]

*WHEN* the sheep are in the fauld,  
and the kye at hame,  
And a' the warld to sleep are gane,  
The waes o' my heart fa' in  
showers frae my ee,  
When my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and  
socht me for his bride;  
But, saving a croun, he had  
naething else beside.  
To mak that croun a pund  
young Jamie gaed to sea,  
And the croun and the pund  
were baith for me.



Chapman

*"Jennie, for their sakes, oh, marry me!"*



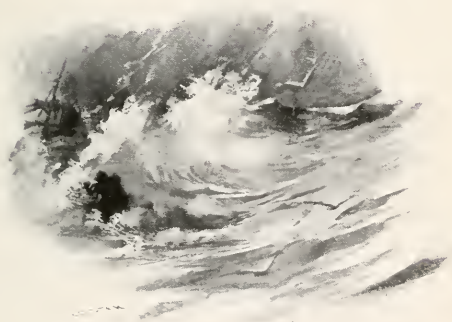
He hadna been awa a  
                                week but only twa,  
When my mother she fell sick,  
                                and the cow was stown awa;  
My father brak his arm, and  
                                young Jamie at the sea,  
And auld Robin Gray  
                                cam' a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work and  
                                my mother couldna spin;  
I toiled day and nicht, but  
                                their bread I couldna win;  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith,  
                                and, wi' tears in his ee,  
Said, "Jennie, or their  
                                sakes, oh, marry me!"

My heart it said nay, for I  
look'd for Jamie back;  
But the wind it blew high, and  
the ship it was a wreck;  
The ship it was a wreck—  
why didna Jamie dee?  
Or why do I live  
to say, Wae's me?



I gang like a ghaist, and  
I carena to spin;  
I daurna think on Jamie,  
for that wad be a sin.  
But I'll do my best a  
gude wife to be,  
For auld Robin Gray  
is kind unto me.





Tom never from his  
word departed,  
His virtues were so rare;  
His friends were many  
and true-hearted,  
His Poll was kind and fair.  
And then he'd sing,  
so blithe and jolly;  
Ah, many's the time and oft!  
But mirth is turn'd  
to melancholy,  
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find  
                    pleasant weather,  
When He who all commands,  
Shall give, to call life's  
                    crew together,  
The word to pipe all hands.  
Thus Death, who kings  
                    and tars dispatches,  
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;  
For though his body's  
                    under hatches,  
His soul is gone aloft.

THE MILLER, OF DEE.

[An old ballad, remodelled by Isaac Bickerstaffe in 1762.]

*T*H*E*R*E* was a jolly miller once  
lived on the river Dee,  
He danced and sang from morn till  
night, no lark so blythe as he;  
And this the burden of his  
song for ever used to be.  
“I care for nobody, no, not I,  
if nobody cares for me.”

"I live by my mill, God bless her!  
                        she's kindred, child, and wife;  
I would not change my station  
                        for any other in life.  
No lawyer, surgeon, or doctor,  
                        e'er had a groat from me,  
I care for nobody, no, not I,  
                        if nobody cares for me."



CH. 179

*When spring begins his merry career.*



When spring begins his merry career,  
                  oh! how his heart grows gay;  
No summer's drought alarms his fears,  
                  nor winter's cold decay;  
No foresight mars the miller's joy,  
                  who's wont to sing and say:  
"Let others toil from year to year,  
                  I live from day to day."

Thus, like the miller, bold and free,  
                  let us rejoice and sing,  
The days of youth are made for glee,  
                  and time is on the wing;  
This song shall pass from me to thee,  
                  along the jovial ring,  
Let heart and voice and all agree  
                  to say, "Long live the King!"







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